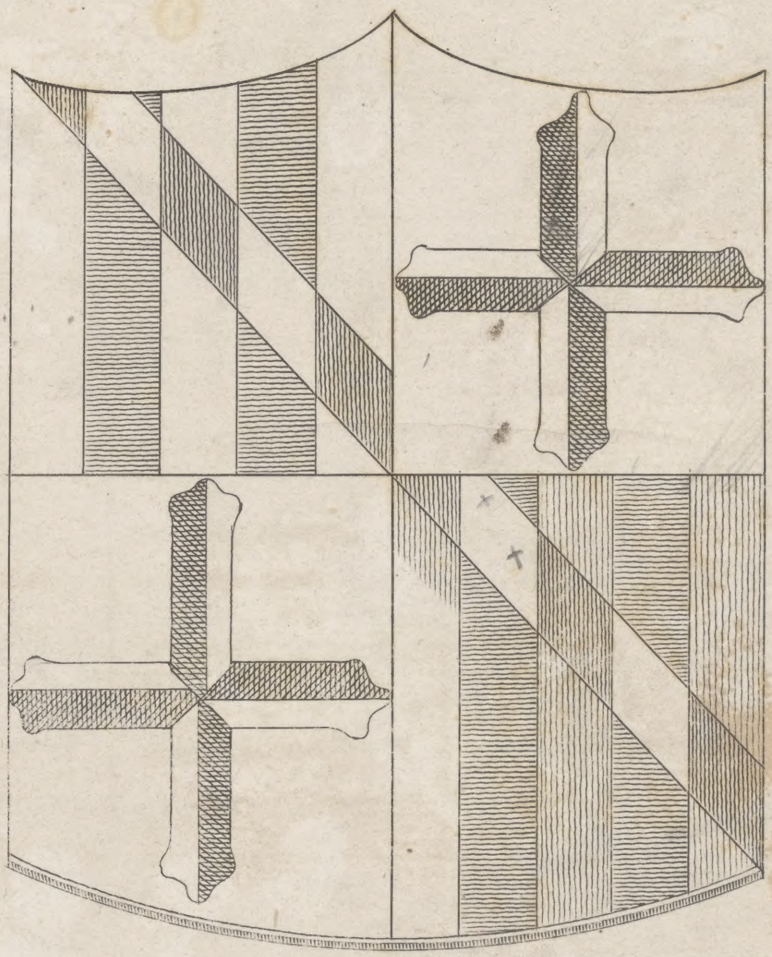
First Edition

"Miss. Nellie. Carr"

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND.

Crescite et Multiplicamini,



Written by

A Baltimorean in Louisianna

Music Adapted & Arranged by

C. E.

2½

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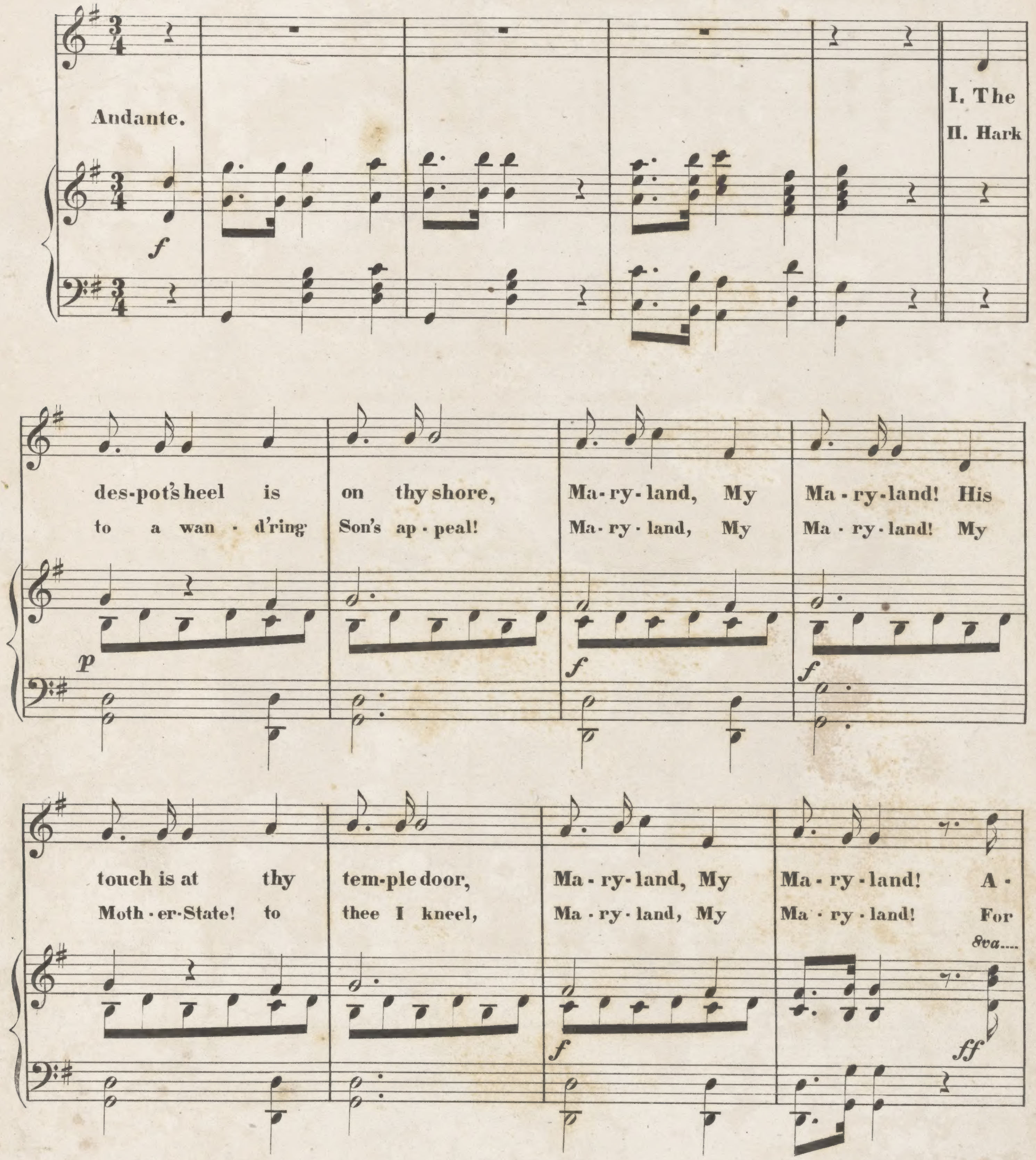
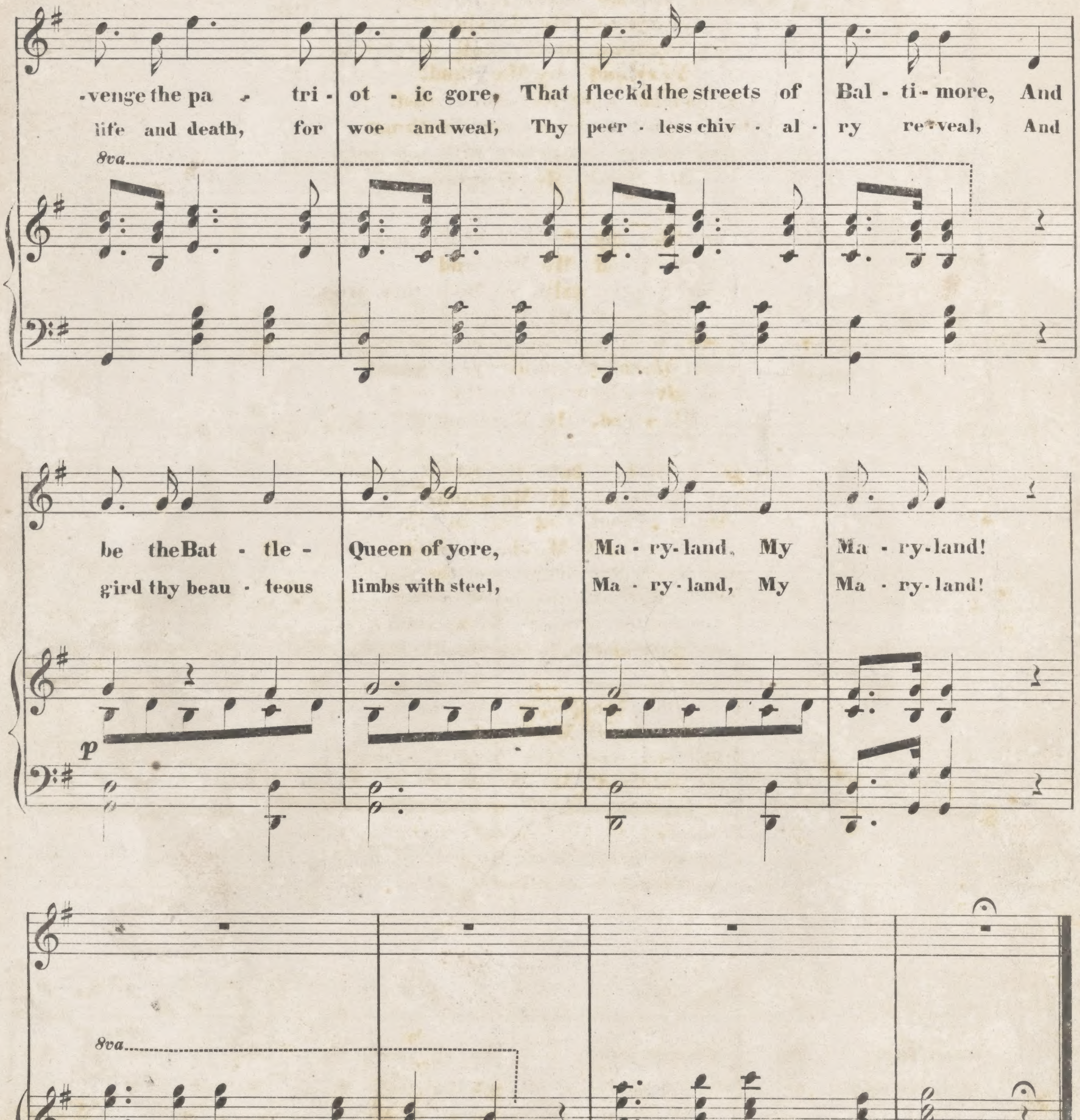
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!


Andante.
f
I. The
II. Hark
des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! His
to a wan-d'ring Son's ap-peal! Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! My
p
f
f
touch is at thy tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! A-
Moth-er-State! to thee I kneel, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! For
8va
f
ff


-venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore, That fleck'd the streets of Bal - ti - more, And
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And
8va
be the Bat - tle - Queen of yore, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
p
8va
ff

3

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

4

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance, does thee wrong,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

5

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain!
Maryland! My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper" tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland! My Maryland!

6

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

7

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

8

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes— she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

4